THE
GYMNASIAD:
OR,
Boxing-Match.
An EPIC
POEM.
WITH THE
PROLOGOMENA of *Scriblerus Tertius*,
AND
NOTES VARIORUM.

Written by the E—L of C———D.

——— *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.* Mart.

DUBLIN:

Printed for THOMAS BUTLER, Bookseller,
in *Ross-lane*. M.DCC.XLIV.

TO THE

Moſt PUISSANT and INVINCIBLE

Mr. *John Broughton.*

(Pugilist)

HAD this Dedication been addreſs'd to ſome *Reverend Prelate*, or *Female Court Favourite*, to ſome *Blundering Stateſman*, or *Apoſtate Patriot*, I ſhould doubtleſs have launched into the higheſt Encomiums on *Public Spirit*, *Policy*, *Virtue*, *Piety*, &c. and, like the reſt of my Brother Dedicators, had moſt ſucceſsfully impoſed on their Vanity, by aſcribing to them Qualities they were utterly unacquainted with, by which Means I had prudently reap'd the Reward of a *Panegyriſt* from my *Patron*, and, at the ſame Time, ſecured the Reputation of a *Satyriſt* with the *Public*.

But ſcorning theſe baſe Arts; I preſent the following POEM to you, unſway'd by either Flattery or Intereſt; ſince your Modeſty would defend you againſt the Poiſon of the one, and your known Oeconomy prevent an Author's Expectations of the other. I ſhall therefore only tell you, what *you really are*, and leave thoſe (whoſe Patrons are of the higher Claſs) to tell them what *they really are not*. But ſuch is the Depravity of human Nature, that every Compliment we beſtow on another, is too apt to be deemed a Satire on ourſelves; yet ſurely while I am praiſing the Strength of your Arm, no Politician can think it meant as a Reflection on the Weakneſs of his Head, or while I am juſtifying your Title to the Character of a *Man*, will any modern Petit-Maitre think it an Impeachment of his Affinity to that of its mimic Counterfeit, a *Monkey*.

Were I to attempt a Deſcription of your Qualifications, I might juſtly have Recourſe to the Majeſty of *Agamemnon*, the Courage of *Achilles*, the Strength of *Ajax*, and the Wiſdom of *Ulyſſes*; but as your own heroic Actions afford us the beſt Mirror of your Merits, I ſhall leave the Reader to view in that the amazing Luſtre of a Character, a few Traits of which only, the following POEM was intended to diſplay; and in which, had the

the Ability of the Poet equall'd the Magnanimity of his Hero, I doubt not but the GYMNASIAD had, like the immortal ILIAD, been handed down to the Admiration of all Poſterity.

As your ſuperior Merits contributed towards raiſing you to the Dignities you now enjoy, and placed you even as the SAFE-GUARD of Royalty itſelf, ſo I cannot help thinking it happy for the Prince, that he is now able to boaſt one *real* Champion in his Service: And what *Frenchman* would not tremble more at the puiſſant Arm of a BROUGHTON, than at the ceremonious Gauntlet of a DIMMACK.

I am,

with the moſt profound Reſpect

to your HEROIC VIRTUES,

your moſt devoted,

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble Servant.

Scriblerus Tertius

OF THE

POEM.

IT is an old Saying, that *Neceſſity is the Mother of Invention*; it ſhould ſeem then that Poetry, which is a *Species* of Invention, muſt naturally derive its Being from the ſame Origin; hence it will be eaſy to account for the many flimſy Ghoſt-like Apparations that every Day make their Appearance among us; for if it be true, as Naturaliſts obſerve, that the Health and Vigour of the Mother is neceſſary to produce the like Qualities in the Child, What Iſſue can be expected from the Womb of ſo *meagre a Parent?*

But

But there is another *Species* of Poetry, which inſtead of owing its Birth to the *Belly*, like *Minerva*, ſprings at once from the *Head*; of this Kind are thoſe Productions of Wit, Senſe, and Spirit, which once born, like the Goddeſs herſelf, immediately becomes immortal. It is true theſe are a Sort of miraculous Births, and therefore it is no Wonder they ſhould be found ſo rare among us. — As Glory is the noble Inſpirer of the latter, ſo Hunger is the natural Incentive of the former; thus *Fame* and *Food* are the Spurs with which every Poet mounts his *Pegaſus*; but as the Impetus of the *Belly* is apt to be more cogent than that of the *Head*, ſo you will ever ſee the one pricking and goading a tired Jade to a hobling Trot, while the other only incites the foaming Steed to a majeſtic Capriol.

The gentle Reader, it is apprehended, will not long be at a Loſs to determine, which *Species* the following Production ought to be rank'd under; but as the Parent moſt unnaturally caſt it out as the ſpurious Iſſue of his Brain, and even cruelly denies it the common Privilege of his Name, ſtruck with the delectable Beauty of its Features, I could not avoid adopting the little *poetic Orphan*, and by dreſſing it up with a few Notes, *&c.* preſent it to the Public as perfect as poſſible.

Had I, in Imitation of other great Authors, only conſulted my Intereſt in the Publication

of

of this inimitable Piece (which doubtleſs will undergo numerous Impreſſions) I might firſt have ſent it into the World *naked*; then by the Addition of a *Commentary*, *Notes Variorum*, *Prolegomena*, and all that, levy'd a new Tax upon the Public; and after all, by a Sort of modern poetical Legerdemain, changing the *Name* of the *principal Hero*, and inſerting a few *Hypercritics*, of a flattering Friend's, have render'd the former Editions incorrect, and couzen'd the curious Reader out of a *treble Conſideration* for the *ſame Work*; but however this may ſuit the tricking Arts of a Bookſeller, it is certainly much below the ſublime Genius of an Author. —— I know it will be ſaid, that a Man has an equal Right to make as much as he can of his *Wit*, as well as of his *Money*; but then it ought to be conſider'd, whether there may not be ſuch a Thing as *Uſury* in both, and the Law having only provided againſt it in one Inſtance, is, I apprehend, no very moral Plea for the Practice of it in the other. *

* As this may be thought to be particularly aim'd at an *Author* who is lately dead, (and whoſe Loſs, all Lovers of the Muſes have the greateſt Reaſon to lament) it may not be improper to aſſure the Reader, that it was written, and intended to have been publiſhed, before that Author's Deceaſe, and was only meant, as an Attack upon the *general* Abuſe of this Kind. —— As to our Author himſelf, he has frequently given *public* Teſtimonies of his Veneration for that

The judicious Reader will eaſily perceive, that the following Poem, in all its Properties, partakes of the Epic; ſuch as fighting, ſpeeching, bullying, ranting, &c. (to ſay Nothing of the Moral) and as many thouſand Verſes are thought neceſſary to the Conſtruction of this Kind of Poem, it may be objected, that this is too *ſhort* to be rank'd under that Claſs; to which I ſhall only anſwer, that as *Conciſeneſs* is the laſt Fault a Writer is apt to *commit*, ſo it is generally the firſt a Reader is willing to *forgive*; and tho' it may not be altogether ſo long, yet I dare ſay, it will not be found leſs replete with the true *Vis poetica*, than (not to mention the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, &c.) even *Leonidas* itſelf.

It may farther be objected, that the Characters of our principal Heroes are too humble for the Grandeur of the *Epic* Fable; but the candid Reader will be pleaſed to obſerve, that they are not here celebrated in their *mechanic*, but in their *heroic* Capacities, as *Boxers*, who, by the Ancients themſelves, have ever been eſteem'd worthy to be immortalized

that great Man's Genius, nor may it be unentertaining to the Reader, to acquaint him with one *private* Inſtance.—Immediately on hearing the Report of Mr. *Pope*'s Death, he was heard to break forth in the following Exclamation.

POPE *dead!—Huſh, Huſh* REPORT, *the ſland'rous Lye,*
FAME *ſays he lives,—Immortals never die.*

talized in the nobleſt Works of this Nature; of which the *Epëus* and *Euryalus* of *Homer*, and the *Entellus* and *Dares* of *Virgil*, are inconteſtable Authorities. And as thoſe Authors were ever careful, that their principal Perſonages, (however mean in themſelves) ſhould derive their Pedigree from ſome *Deity*, or illuſtrious *Hero*, ſo our Author has with equal Propriety made his ſpring from *Phaëton*, and *Neptune*; under which Characters, he beautifully allegorizes their different Occupations of *Waterman*, and *Coachman*.—— But for my own part, I cannot conceive, that the Dignity of the Heroe's Profeſſion, is any ways eſſential to that of the Action; *for if the greateſt Perſons are guilty of the meaneſt Actions, why may not the greateſt Actions be aſcribed to the meaneſt Perſons.*

As the main Action of this Poem is entirely ſupported by the principal Heroes *themſelves*, it has been maliciouſly inſinuated to be deſign'd as an unmannerly Reflection on a *late glorious Victory*, where it is pretended, the whole Action was atchiev'd without the Interpoſition of the principal Heroes *at all*. — But as the moſt innocent Meanings may, by ill Minds, be wreſted to the moſt wicked Purpoſes, if any ſuch Conſtruction ſhou'd be made, I will venture to affirm, that it muſt proceed from the factious Venom of the Reader, and not from any diſloyal Malignity

lignity in our Author, who is too well acquainted with the *Power*, ever to arraign the *Purity* of Government; beſides the Poignance of the *Sword* is too prevalent for that of the *Pen*; and who, when there are at preſent, ſo many thouſand *unanſwerable ſtanding Arguments* ready to defend, wou'd ever be *Quixote* enough to attack, either the *Omnipotence* of a Prince, or the *Omniſcience* of his Miniſters?

Were I to attempt an Analyſis of this Poem I cou'd demonſtrate that it contains (as much as a Piece of ſo ſublime a Nature will admit of) all thoſe *true Standards* of Wit, Humour, Railery, Satire, and Ridicule, which a late Writer has ſo *marvelouſly diſcover'd*; and might, on the Part of our Author, ſay with that profound Critic, —— *Facta eſt Alea:* but as the Obſcurity of a Beauty too ſtrongly argues the Want of one, ſo an Endeavour to elucidate the Merits of the following Performance, might be apt to give the Reader a diſadvantageous Impreſſion againſt it, as it might tacitly imply, they were too myſterious to come within the Compaſs of his Comprehenſion; I ſhall therefore leave them to his more curious Obſervation, and bid him heartily Farewell —— *Lege & delectare.*

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

THE
GYMNASIAD.
BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

The Invocation, the Propoſition, the Night before the Battle deſcribed; the Morning opens, and diſcovers the Multitude haſting to the Place of Action; their various Profeſſions, Dignities, &c. illuſtrated; the Spectators being ſeated, the youthful Combatants are firſt introduced, their Manner of Fighting diſplay'd; to theſe ſucceed the Champions of a higher Degree, their ſuperior Abilities mark'd, ſome of the moſt Eminent particularly celebrated; mean while, the principal Heroes are repreſented ſitting, and ruminating on the approaching Combat, when the Herald ſummons them to the Liſts.

SING, ſing, O Muſe, the dire conteſted Fray,
And bloody Honours of that dreadful Day,
When *Phaæton*'s bold Son (tremendous Name)
Dared *Neptune*'s Off-ſpring to the Liſts of Fame;
What

V. 3, 4. *When Phaæton's bold Son*
Dared Neptune's Off-ſpring.] It is uſual for Poets to call the Sons after the Names of their Fathers, as *Agamemnon* the Son of *Atreus*, and *Achilles* the Son of *Peleus*, are frequently term'd

What Fury fraught Thee with Ambition's Fire?
Ambition, equal Foe to Son and Sire:
One, hapleſs fell by *Jove*'s ætherial Arms,
And One, the *Triton*'s mighty Pow'r diſarms.
Now all lay huſh'd within the Folds of Night,
And ſaw in painted Dreams th' important Fight;
While Hopes and Fears alternate turn the Scales,
And now this Hero, and now that prevails;
Blows and imaginary Blood ſurvey,
Then waking, watch the ſlow Approach of Day.
When, lo! *Aurora* in her ſaffron Veſt,
Darts a glad Ray, and gilds the ruddy Eaſt.

Forth

term'd *Pelides* and *Atrides*; our Author would doubtleſs have follow'd this laudable Example, but he found *Broughtonides* and *Stephenſonides*, or their Contractions, too unmuſical for Metre, and therefore with wonderful Art adopts two poetical Parents, which obviates the Difficulty, and at the ſame Time heightens the Dignity of his Heroes.

Bentleides.

V. 6. *Ambition equal Foe to Son and Sire:*] It has been maintain'd by ſome Philoſophers, that the Paſſions of the Mind are in ſome meaſure hereditary, as well as the Features of the Body; according to this Doctrine, our Author beautifully repreſents the Frailty of Ambition deſcending from Father to Son,——and as *Original Sin* may in ſome Sort be accounted for on this Syſtem, it is very probable our Author had a *theological*, as well as *phyſical*, and *moral* Meaning in this Verſe.

For the latter Part of this Note, we are obliged to an *eminent Divine.*

Forth iſſuing now all ardent ſeek the Place,
Sacred to Fame, and the Athletic Race;
As from their Hive the cluſt'ring Squadrons pour,
O'er fragrant Meads to ſip the vernal Flow'r;
So from each Inn the legal Swarms impel,
Of banded Seers, and Pupils of the Quill.
Senates and Shambles pour forth all their Store,
Mindful of Mutton, and of Laws no more;
E'en Money Bills, uncourtly, now muſt wait,
And the fat Lamb has one more Day to bleat.

V. 21. *legal Swarms impel,*] An ingenious Critic of my Acquaintance objected to this Simile, and would, by no means, admit the Compariſon between *Bees* and *Lawyers* to be juſt; one, he ſaid, was an induſtrious, harmleſs, and uſeful Species, none of which Properties could be affirm'd of the *other*, and therefore he thought the *Drone* that lives on the Plunder of the Hive a more proper Archetype. I muſt confeſs myſelf in ſome Meaſure inclined to ſubſcribe my Friend's Opinion; but then we muſt conſider, that our Author did not intend to deſcribe their *Qualities*, but their *Number*, and in this Reſpect no one, I think, can have any Objection to the *Propriety* of the Compariſon.

V. 24. *and of Laws no more*] The original M.S. has it, *Bribes*, but as this might ſeem to caſt an invidious Aſperſion on a certain Aſſembly, remarkable for their Abhorrence of Venality; and, at the ſame Time, might ſubject our Publiſher to ſome little Inconveniencies, I thought it prudent to ſoften the Expreſſion; beſides, I think this Reading renders our Author's Thought more natural; for tho' we ſee the moſt trifling Avocations are able to draw off their Attention from the *public Utility*, yet nothing is ſufficient to divert a ſteady Purſuit of their *private Emolument*.

The Highway Knight now draws his Piſtol's Load,
Reſts his faint Steed, and this Day franks the Road.
Bailiffs, in Crouds, neglect the dormant Writ,
And give another *Sunday* to the Wit;
He too would hie, but, ah! his Fortunes frown,
Alas! the fatal Paſsport's —— Half a Crown.
Shoals preſs on Shoals, from Palace and from Cell,
Lords yield the *Court*, and Butchers *Clerkenwell.*
St. *Giles*'s Natives, never known to fail,
All who have haply ſcaped th' obdurate Jail;
There many a martial Son of *Tott'nham* lyes,
Bound in *Develian* Bands, a Sacrifice
To angry Juſtice, nor muſt view the Prize.

Aſſembled

V. 28. *this Day franks the Road.*] Our Poet here artfully inſinuates the Dignity of the Combat, he is about to celebrate, by its being able to prevail on a Highwayman to lay aſide his Buſineſs to become a Spectator of it —— and as, on this Occaſion, he makes him forſake his *daily Bread*, while the Senator only neglects the *Buſineſs of the Nation*, it may be obſerved, how ſatirically he gives the Preference in point of *Diſintereſtedneſs* to the Highwayman.

V. 37. *There many a martial Son, &c.*] The unwary Reader may from this Paſſage be apt to conclude, that an Amphitheatre is little better than a Nurſery for the Gallows, and that there is a Sort of phyſical Connection between *Boxing* and *Thieving*; but altho' Boxing may be a uſeful Ingredient in a Thief, yet it does not neceſſarily make him *one*; Boxing is the Effect, not the Cauſe; and Men are not *Thieves* becauſe they are *Boxers*, but *Boxers* becauſe

Aſſembled Myriads croud the circling Seats,
High for the Combat every Boſom beats,
Each Boſom partial for its Hero bold,
Partial thro' Friendſhip, — or depending Gold.
But firſt, the Infant Progeny of *Mars*
Join in the Liſts, and wage their Pigmy Wars;
Train'd to the manual Fight, and bruiſful Toil,
The Stop defenſive, and gymnaſtic Foil;
With nimble Fiſts their early Proweſs ſhew,
And mark the future Hero in each Blow.
To theſe, the hardy iron Race ſucceed,
All Sons of *Hockley* and fierce *Brick-ſtreet* Breed;
Mature in Valour, and inured to Blood,
Dauntleſs each Foe, in Form terrific, ſtood;
Their callous Bodies frequent in the Fray,
Mock'd the fell Stroke, nor to its Force gave way.

becauſe they are *Thieves*. Thus Tricking, Lying, Evaſion (with ſeveral other ſuch like cardinal Virtues,) are a Sort of Properties pertaining to the Practice of the Law, as well as to the mercurial Profeſſion. But would any one therefore infer that every *Lawyer* muſt be a *Thief*.

Scholiaſt.

V. 44. *infant Progeny of* Mars] Our Author in this Deſcription alludes to the *Luſus Trojæ* of *Virgil*,

Incedunt Pueri——————————
——————————*Trojæ Juventus*
——*Pugnæque ciunt ſimulachra ſub armis.*

V. 51. Hockley *and fierce* Brickſtreet *Breed.*] Two famous Athletic *Seminaries.*

'Mongſt theſe *Gloverius*, not the laſt in Fame;
And he whoſe Clog delights the beauteous Dame;
Nor leaſt thy Praiſe whoſe artificial Light,
In *Dian*'s Abſence, gilds the Clouds of Night.
While theſe the Combat's direful Arts diſplay,
And ſhare the bloody Fortunes of the Day,
Each Hero ſat revolving, in his Soul,
The various Means that might his Foe controul;
Conqueſt and Glory each proud Boſom warms,
When, lo! the *Herald* ſummons' them to Arms.

V. 57. *And he whoſe Clog*, &c.] Here we are preſented with a laudable Imitation of the ancient Simplicity of Manners; for as *Cincinnatus* diſdain'd not the homely Employment of a *Ploughman*, ſo we ſee our Hero condeſcending to the humble Occupation of a *Clog-Maker*; and this is the more to be admired, as it is one Characteriſtic of modern Heroiſm to be either above or below any Occupation at all.

V. 58. *whoſe artificial Light*,] Various and violent have been the Controverſies, whether our Author here intended to celebrate a *Lamp-Lighter*, or a *Link-boy*; but as there are Heroes of both Capacities at preſent in the School of Honour, it is difficult to determine, whether the Poet alludes to a *Wells* or a *Buckhorſe*?

THE
GYMNASIAD.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

STEPHENSON *enters the Liſts; a Deſcription of his Figure; an Encomium on his Abilities, with reſpect to the Character of Coachman.* BROUGHTON *advances; his reverend Form deſcribed; his ſuperior Skill in the Management of the Lighter and Wherry diſplay'd; his Triumph of the Badge celebrated; his Speech; his former Victories recounted; the Preparation for the Combat, and the Horror of the Spectators.* *

FIRST, to the Fight, advance'd the Charioteer,
High Hopes of Glory on his Brow appear;
Terror vindictive flaſhes from his Eye;
(To one the Fates the viſual Ray deny)
Fierce

* *Argument*] It was doubtleſs in Obedience to Cuſtom, and the Example of other great Poets, that our Author has thought proper to prefix an Argument to each Book, being minded that nothing ſhould be wanting in the uſual Paraphernalia of Works of this Kind. —— For my own Part, I am at a Loſs to account for the Uſe of them, unleſs it be to ſwell a Volume, or, like Bills of Fare, to advertiſe the Reader what he is to expect, that if it contains nothing likely to ſuit his Taſte, he may preſerve his Appetite for the next Courſe.

Fierce glow'd his Looks, which ſpoke his inward Rage,
He leaps the Bar, and bounds upon the Stage:
The Roofs re-eccho with exulting Cries;
And all behold him with admiring Eyes.
Ill-fated Youth! what raſh Deſires could warm,
Thy manly Heart to dare the *Triton*'s Arm?
Ah! too unequal to theſe martial Deeds,
Tho' none more ſkill'd to rule the foaming Steeds:
The Courſers, ſtill obedient to thy Rein,
Now urge their Flight, or now their Flight reſtrain.
Had mighty *Diomed* provoked the Race,
Thou far had'ſt left the *Grecian* in Diſgrace:
Where e'er you drove, each Inn confeſs'd your Sway,
Maids brought the Dram, and Oſtlers flew with Hay.
But know, tho' ſkill'd to guide the rapid Car,
None wages like thy Foe the manual War.
Now *Neptune*'s Offspring dreadfully ſerene,
Of Size gigantic, and tremend'ous Mein,
Steps

V. 6, 7. *He leaps the Bar*, &c. } See the Deſcriptions
The Roofs re-eccho } of *Dares* in *Virgil*,

Nec mora, continuo vaſtis cum viribus effert
Ora Dares, magnoque virum ſe murmure tollit.

V. 19. *But know, tho' Skill'd*] Here our Author inculcates a fine Moral, by ſhewing how apt Men are to miſtake their Talents; but were Men only to act in their proper Spheres, how often ſhould we ſee the *Parſon* in the Pew of the *Peaſant*, the *Author* in the Character of his *Hawkers*, or a *Beau* in the Livery of his *Footman*, &c.?

Steps forth, and 'midſt the fated Liſts appears,
Reverend his Form, but yet not worn with Years:
To him none equal, in his youthful Day,
With feather'd Oar to ſkim the liquid Way;
Or thro' thoſe Streights, whoſe Waters ſtun the Ear,
The loaded Lighter's bulky Weight to ſteer.
Soon as the Ring their Ancient Warrior view'd,
Joy fill'd their Hearts, and thund'ring Shouts enſue'd;
Loud as when o'er *Thameſis*' gentle Flood,
Superior, with the *Triton* Youths he row'd,
While far a-head his winged Wherry flew,
Touch'd the glad Shore, and claim'd the *Badge* its due.
Then thus indignant he accoſts the Foe,
(While high Diſdain ſat prideful on his Brow):
Long has the laurel Wreath victorious ſpread
Its ſacred Honours round this hoary Head;

The

V. 34. *the Badge its due.*] A Prize given by Mr. *Dogget* to be annually conteſted on the firſt Day of *Auguſt*, —— as among the Ancients, *Games* and *Sports* were celebrated on mournful as well as joyful Events, there has been ſome Controverſy whether our *loyal Comedian* meant the Compliment to the ſetting or riſing Monarch of *that Day*; but, as the Plate has a *Horſe* for its Device, I am induced to impute it to the latter; and, doubtleſs, he prudently conſider'd, that as a living *Dog* is better than a dead *Lion*, the living *Horſe* had, at leaſt, an equal Title to the ſame Preference.

The Prize of Conqueſt in each doubtful Fray,
And dear Reward of many a dire-fought Day.
Now Youth's cold Wane the vigorous Pulſe has chaſe'd,
Froze all my Blood, and every Nerve unbrace'd;
Now, from theſe Temples, ſhall the Spoils be torn,
In ſcornful Triumph by my Foe be worn?
What then avails my various Deeds in Arms,
If this proud Creſt thy feeble Force diſarms?
Loſt be my Glories to recording Fame,
When, foil'd by Thee, the Coward blaſts my Name:
I, who e'er Manhood my young Joints had knit,
Firſt taught the fierce *Grettonius* to ſubmit;
While drench'd in Blood he, proſtrate, preſs'd the Floor,
And inly groan'd the fatal Words — *no more.*
Allenius too, who ev'ry Heart diſmay'd,
Whoſe Blows, like Hail, flew ratling round the Head;
Him

Ver. 42. *Froze all my Blood,*] See *Virgil.*

——*Sed enim gelidus tardante ſenecta*
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effætæ in corpore vires.

V. 50. *Fierce* Grettonius *to ſubmit*;] *Gretton,* the moſt famous Athleta, in his Days, over whom our Hero obtain'd his maiden Prize.

V. 53. Allenius *too,* &c.] Vulgarly known by the plebeian Name of *Pipes,* which a learned Critic will have to be derived from the Art and Myſtery of *Pipe-making,* in

Him oft the Ring beheld, with weeping Eyes,
Stretch'd on the Ground, reluctant yield the Prize.
Then fell the *Swain*, with whom none e'er could vie,
Where *Harrows'* Steeple darts into the Sky.
Next the bold Youth, a bleeding Victim lay,
Whoſe waving Curls the Barber's Art diſplay.
You too, this Arm's tremendous Proweſs know,
Raſh Man! to make this Arm again thy Foe.
This ſaid —— the Heroes for the Fight prepare,
Brace their big Limbs and brawny Bodies bare.

The

in which, it is affirm'd, this Hero was an Adept.——As he was the *Delicium pugnacis generis*, our Author, with marvellous Judgment, repreſents the Ring weeping at his Defeat.

V. 54. *Whoſe Blows like Hail*, &c.] Virgil.

——*quam multa grandine nimbi*
Culminibus crepitant.——

V. 57. *Then fell the* Swain] *Jeoffery Birch*, who, in ſeveral Encounters, ſerved only to Augment the Number of our Hero's Triumphs.

V. 59. *Next the bold Youth*] As this *Champion* is ſtill living, and even diſputes the Palm of Manhood with our Hero himſelf, I ſhall leave him to be the Subject of Immortality in ſome future *Gymnaſiad*, ſhould the Superiority of his Proweſs ever juſtify his Title to the *Corona Pugnea*.

V. 63. *This ſaid*, &c.] Virgil.

Hæc fatus, duplicem ex Humeris rejecit Amictum;
Et magnos Membrorum Artus, magna oſſa lacertoſque
Exuit.

The ſturdy Sinews all aghaſt behold,
And ample Shoulders of *atlean* Mould;
Like *Titan*'s Offspring, who 'gainſt Heav'n ſtrove;
So each, tho' mortal, ſeem'd a Match for *Jove*.
Now round the Ring a ſilent Horror reigns,
Speechleſs each Tongue, and bloodleſs all their Veins.
When lo! the Champions give the dreadful Sign,
And Hand in Hand in friendly Token join;
Thoſe iron Hands, which ſoon, upon the Foe,
With giant Force, muſt deal the deathful Blow.

THE

THE GYMNASIAD.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

A Deſcription of the Battle; STEPHENSON *is vanquiſh'd; the Manner of his Body being carry'd off by his Friends;* BROUGHTON *claims the Prize, and takes his final Leave of the Stage.*

FULL in the Center now they fix in Form,
Eye meeting Eye, and Arm oppoſed to Arm;
With wily Feints each other now provoke,
And cautious meditate th' impending Stroke.
Th' impatient Youth inſpire'd by Hopes of Fame,
Firſt ſped his Arm, unfaithful to its Aim;
The wary Warrior, watchful of his Foe,
Bends back, and 'ſcapes the death-deſigning Blow;

V. 7, 8. ——————*watchful of his Foe,*
Bends back, and 'ſcapes the Death deſigning Blow;] Virgil.
——*ille Ictum venientem a vertice velox*
Prævidit, celerique elapſus corpore ceſſit.

With erring Glance it ſounded by his Ear;
And whizzing ſpent its idle Force in Air.
Then quick advancing, on the unguarded Head,
A dreadful Show'r of Thunderbolts, he ſhed;
As when a Whirlwind, from ſome Cavern broke,
With furious Blaſts aſſaults the monarch Oak,
This Way and that its lofty Top it bends,
And the fierce Storm the crackling Branches rends:
So wave'd the Head, and now to left and right,
Rebounding flies, and craſh'd beneath the Weight.
Like the young Lion wounded by a Dart,
Whoſe Fury kindles at the galling Smart;
The Hero rouzes with redoubled Rage,
Flies on his Foe, and foams upon the Stage.
Now grapling, both in cloſe Contention join,
Legs lock in Legs, and Arms in Arms entwine;
They

V. 10. *its idle Force in Air.*] *Idem.*

———*vires in ventum effudit*———

V. 19. *Like the young Lion*] It may be obſerved, that our Author has treated the Reader but with one Simile throughout the two foregoing Books, but in order to make him ample Amends, has given him no leſs than ſix in this. Doubtleſs this was in Imitation of *Homer*, and artfully intended to heighten the Dignity of the main Action, as well as our Admiration towards the Concluſion of his Work.——*Finis coronat Opus.*

V. 24. *Arms in Arms entwine*;] *Virgil.*

Immiſcentque manus manibus, pugnamque laceſſunt.

They ſweat, they heave, each tugging Nerve they ſtrain,
Both fix'd as Oaks, their ſturdy Trunks ſuſtain.
At length the Chief his wily Art diſplay'd,
Poiz'd on his Hip the hapleſs Youth he laid;
Aloft in Air his quiv'ring Limbs he throw'd,
Then on the Ground down daſh'd the pondrous Load.
So ſome vaſt Ruin on a Mountain's Brow,
Which tott'ring hangs, and dreadful nods below,
When the fierce Tempeſt the Foundation rends,
Whirl'd thro' the Air with horrid Cruſh deſcends.
Bold and undaunted up the Hero roſe,
Fiercer his Boſom for the Combat glows,
Shame ſtung his manly Heart, and fiery Rage
New ſteel'd each Nerve, redouble'd War to wage:
Swift to revenge the dire Diſgrace he flies,
Again ſuſpended on the Hip he lies;
Daſh'd on the Ground, again had fatal fell,
Haply the Barrier caught his flying Heel;

There

V. 35. *Bold and undaunted,* &c.] *Virgil.*
At non tardatus Caſu, neque territus Heros,
Acrior ad pugnam redit, & Vim ſuſcitat Ira.
Tum Pudor incendit Vires———————

V. 42. *Haply the Barrier,* &c.] Our Author, like *Homer*

There faſt it hung, th' impriſon'd Head gave way,
And the ſtrong Arm defrauded of its Prey.
Vain ſtrove the Chief to whirl the Mountain o'er,
It ſlipt ---- he headlong rattles on the Floor.
Around the Ring loud Peals of Thunder riſe,
And Shouts exultant eccho to the Skies.
Uplifted now inanimate he ſeems,
Forth from his Noſtrils guſh the purple Streams;
Gaſping

Homer himſelf, is no leſs to be admired in the Character of an Hiſtorian than in that of a Poet, we ſee him here faithfully reciting the moſt minute Incidents of the Battle, and informing us, that the youthful Hero being on the Lock, muſt again inevitably have come to the Ground had not his Heel catch'd the Bar, and that his Antagoniſt, by the Violence of his ſtraining, ſlipt his Arm over his Head, and by that Means received the Fall he intended the Enemy ——I thought it incumbent on me as a Commentator to ſay thus much, to illuſtrate the Meaning of our Author, which might ſeem a little obſcure to thoſe who are unacquainted with Conflicts of this Kind.

V. 48. *eccho to the Skies*, &c.] *Virgil.*

It Clamor Cælo——————

The learned Reader will perceive our Author's frequent Alluſions to *Virgil*, and whether he intended them as Tranſlations or Imitations of the *Roman* Poet, muſt give us Pauſe; but as, in our modern Productions, we find *Imitations* are generally nothing more than *bad Tranſlations*, and *Tranſlations* nothing more than *bad Imitations*, it would equally, I ſuppoſe, ſatisfy the Gall of the Critic, ſhould theſe unluckily fall within either Deſcription.

Gaſping for Breath, and impotent of Hand,
The Youth beheld his Rival ſtagg'ring ſtand.
But he alas! had felt th' unnerving Blow,
And gaze'd, unable to aſſault the Foe.
As when two Monarchs of the brindle'd Breed,
Diſpute the proud Dominion of the Mead,
They fight, they foam, then, weary'd in the Fray,
Aloof retreat, and low'ring ſtand at Bay.
So ſtood the Heroes, and indignant glare'd,
While grim with Blood their rueful Fronts were ſmear'd,
'Till with returning Strength new Rage returns,
Again their Arms are ſteel'd, again each Boſom burns.
Inceſſant now their hollow Sides they pound,
Loud on each Breaſt the bounding Bangs reſound,
Their flying Fiſts around the Temples glow,
And the Jaws crackle with the maſſy Blow.
The raging Combat ev'ry Eye appals,
Strokes following Strokes, and Falls ſucceeding Falls.

Now

V. 63. *Inceſſant now*, &c.] *Virgil.*

Multa Viri nequicquam inter Se vulnere jactant:
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant & pectore vaſtos
Dant ſonitus, erratque aures & tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant ſub vulnere Malæ.

Now droop'd the Youth, yet, urging all his Might,
With feeble Arm ſtill vindicates the Fight;
'Till on the Part, where heav'd the panting Breath,
A fatal Blow impreſs'd the Seal of Death;
Down dropt the Hero, welt'ring in his Gore,
And his ſtretch'd Limbs lay quiv'ring on the Floor.
So when a Faulcon ſkims the airy way,
Stoops from the Clouds, and pounces on his Prey,
Daſh'd on the Earth the feather'd Victim lies,
Expands its feeble Wings, and flutt'ring dies.
His faithful Friends their dying Hero rear'd,
O'er his broad Shoulders dangling hung his Head;
Dragging its Limbs, they bear the Body forth,
Maſh'd Teeth and clotted Blood came iſſuing from his Mouth.
Thus then the Victor — O cœleſtial Pow'r!
Who gave this Arm to boaſt one Triumph more,
Now, grey in Glory, let my Labours ceaſe,
My blood-ſtain'd Laurel wed the Branch of Peace,
Lure'd

V. 79. *His faithful Friends*] *Virgil.*

Aſt illum fidi Æquales, genua ægra trahentem,
Jactantemque utroque caput, craſſumque cruorem
Ore ejectantem, miſtoſque ic ſanguine dentes,
Ducunt ad naves ——————

Lure'd by the Luſtre of the golden Prize,
No more in Combat this proud Creſt ſhall riſe;
To future Heroes future Deeds belong,
Be mine the Theme of ſome immortal Song.
This ſaid ---- he ſeiz'd the Prize, while, round the Ring,
High ſoar'd Applauſe on Acclamations' Wing.

V. 88. *No more in Combat,* &c.] *Idem.*
——hic Victor cæſtus, artemque repono.

F I N I S.

THOMAS BUTLER,
Bookſeller,

(*Who ſerved his Apprenticeſhip to Mr.* John Watſon; *and ſerved Mr.* Samuel Fairbrother, *and Mr.* Richard Gunne, *Booksellers, as Shopkeeper,*)

HAS open'd Shop in *Roſs-lane*, near *Bride-ſtreet*, (the Houſe lately known by the Sign of the *Whip and Spur*) and has furniſh'd himſelf with Variety of Law-Books, and other Books in moſt Faculties; Stationary-Ware of all Sorts; Stamp'd Paper or Parchment; likewiſe, Variety of curious Prints, either in Sheets, or neatly framed and glazed; with Copper-plate Copy-books and Drawing-books of all Sorts: All the above Goods are of the beſt Kinds, and at the moſt reaſonable Rates. Said BUTLER has alſo a curious Collection of *French* Books, *&c.*

N. B. *He gives ready Money for* Libraries, *or any Quantity of old Books.*

At ſaid Place may be had, juſt publiſh'd,

A new TREATISE *on* Teſtaments *and* Laſt-Wills; very uſeful for Lawyers, Attorneys, Proctors, and all other Perſons who are concern'd as Executors or Adminiſtrators, *&c.* Price 6*s.* 6*d.* bound and letter'd. *Alſo,* Several Numbers (*Price a* Britiſh *Six-pence each*) of A new Edition of *A* COLLECTION *of* VOYAGES *and* TRAVELS. *In* Six Volumes *in* Folio. Illuſtrated with above 300 Maps and Cuts curiouſly engraved on Copper.